

McCarthy; Stephen McMillin; Ashley Miller; Beth Miller; Liz O'Donoghue; Justin Oliver; Brigitta Pari; Peter Phipps; Mark Prater; Chris Prins; Darla Romfo; Joyce Rechtscheffen; Brad Robinson; Peter Rogoff; Jason Rupp; Christine Russell; David Russell; Pamela Sellers; Joshua Sheinkmen; Becky Shipp; Gary Smith; Dave Thompson; Polly Trottenberg; Joseph Trujillo; Mitch Warren; Andrew Wheeler; Melissa White; Clay Williams; and Drew Willison.

Again, these individuals worked very hard on the Transportation Equity Act for the 21st Century and the Senate owes them a debt of gratitude for their dedicated service to this legislation.

Mr. President, now that President Clinton has signed The Transportation Equity Act for the 21st Century, our nation has enacted the foundation of our infrastructure for the next millennium. TEA21 will improve interstate and international commerce, stimulate our economy, protect our environment, and foster the use of modern transportation technologies.

With TEA21, Americans can now look forward to better, safer and less congested roads and bridges throughout the nation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SENATOR GORDON SMITH'S 100TH PRESIDING HOUR

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, today, I have the pleasure to announce that Senator GORDON SMITH is the latest recipient of the Golden Gavel Award, having presided his 100th hour earlier today.

The Golden Gavel has served for many years to mark a Senator's 100th presiding hour and continues to represent our appreciation for the time these dedicated Senators contribute to presiding over the U.S. Senate—a very important duty.

With respect to presiding, Senator SMITH has consistently pitched-in when presiding difficulties have arisen. With the aid of his enthusiastic scheduling staff, Senator SMITH has gladly carried more than his share of the presiding load.

It is with sincere appreciation that I announce to the Senate the newest recipient of the Golden Gavel Award—Senator GORDON SMITH of Oregon.

TRIBUTE TO THE 1998 RECIPIENTS OF THE PHOENIX AWARD FOR SMALL BUSINESS DISASTER RECOVERY

Mr. FORD. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Ruby L. Wyatt and Dixie L. Owen of Falmouth, Kentucky, who have both been selected as Phoenix Award recipients for Small Business Disaster Recovery by the U.S. Small Business Administration. The Phoenix Award seeks to recognize outstanding individuals who overcome the odds in the face of disaster.

Ruby is the President of Wyatt's Supermarket, Inc., and her daughter

Dixie is the Secretary of this business which has been owned by their family for over 50 years. Ruby and her late husband Abe started in the grocery business in 1945 by selling food and supplies from the back of their Studebaker truck throughout the rolling hills of northern Kentucky. The Wyatt family soon expanded their operation and opened a full service supermarket.

The business continued to flourish until a major flood hit Falmouth in March 1997. The supermarket Ruby and Dixie had just built only seven years earlier, was devastated by the flood. Ruby, at age 75, and Dixie decided to rebuild the store. In just 66 days, Wyatt's SuperValu reopened for business and all 52 employees were rehired. Today, Wyatt's SuperValu is the only grocery store serving Pendleton County.

Ruby and Dixie's dedication did not end with rebuilding their own business. They worked to help secure federal funds to help rebuild the surrounding community in the aftermath of the flood. In addition, Ruby and Dixie participated in a fund-raiser with the Coca-Cola Company that raised money for the local public library damaged by the flood.

There can be no doubt that Ruby and Dixie's drive and determination during the aftermath of the flood is worthy of the Phoenix Award. The community of Falmouth is lucky to have two business leaders who are dedicated to the well-being of their community. The actions of the Wyatt family serve as a role model for other business leaders who are affected by natural disasters. I congratulate them on their success and wish them many future years of success serving the people of northern Kentucky.

TRIBUTE TO THE KENTUCKY SMALL BUSINESS PERSON OF THE YEAR

Mr. FORD. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Lior S. Yaron of Louisville, Kentucky, who has been selected as the Kentucky Small Business Person of the Year by the U.S. Small Business Administration.

Mr. Yaron is the President and CEO of LSY International, a distribution company in Louisville. He started the company in 1985 in New York and then moved the headquarters to Kentucky. Lior began LSY with a unique idea of marketing General Electric appliances with European voltage standards to domestic customers who would be moving back to their native country.

Mr. Yaron recognized that he was in a position to fill a niche market. As a result, his customers were able to buy an appliance in the U.S. that was designed to work on foreign voltage standards. This allowed customers to bring these appliances back to their home country without having to pay duties, thus providing them with significant savings while also giving them quality home appliances.

The success of LSY is also attributed to heavy advertising in publications frequently read by foreign nationals. Mr. Yaron relied on his unique advertising to minimize risks associated with selling goods that are only marketable overseas. LSY's innovative way of doing business has enabled it to grow and prosper. Sales have increased from \$600,000 in 1985 to \$11,520,460 in 1997. Employees have increased from only two in 1985 to 40 in 1997.

And finally, I would like to say that Mr. Yaron's vision and innovation set an example for all small business entrepreneurs. I am very happy that Mr. Yaron is being recognized for all of the hard work that has gone into this successful business. I congratulate him on this significant accomplishment and am proud that this innovative business is based in Kentucky.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Monday, June 8, 1998, the federal debt stood at \$5,495,352,165,488.00 (Five trillion, four hundred ninety-five billion, three hundred fifty-two million, one hundred sixty-five thousand, four hundred eighty-eight dollars and zero cents).

Five years ago, June 8, 1993, the federal debt stood at \$4,303,726,000,000 (Four trillion, three hundred three billion, seven hundred twenty-six million).

Ten years ago, June 8, 1988, the federal debt stood at \$2,540,845,000,000 (Two trillion, five hundred forty billion, eight hundred forty-five million).

Fifteen years ago, June 8, 1983, the federal debt stood at \$1,308,822,000,000 (One trillion, three hundred eight billion, eight hundred twenty-two million).

Twenty-five years ago, June 8, 1973, the federal debt stood at \$453,694,000,000 (Four hundred fifty-three billion, six hundred ninety-four million) which reflects a debt increase of more than \$5 trillion—\$5,041,658,165,488.00 (Five trillion, forty-one billion, six hundred fifty-eight million, one hundred sixty-five thousand, four hundred eighty-eight dollars and zero cents) during the past 25 years.

IN MEMORY OF TERRY SANFORD

Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, on April 18, 1998, this body mourned the passing of a distinguished and beloved former colleague, Terry Sanford of North Carolina. In the days following Terry's death, I heard many moving tributes to him on this floor. And at his funeral in North Carolina, I heard eloquent eulogies and heartfelt testimonials to his greatness. But I have heard no tribute to Terry Sanford more sincere or beautiful than that of Joel Fleishman, who was a good friend to Terry Sanford and whom I, too, am proud to claim as a friend. Mr. Fleishman's tribute evokes the qualities that made Terry Sanford a great

statesman and educator, and it reminds us all of the importance of principled public servants to a republic such as ours.

At this time, Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Mr. Fleishman's tribute to Terry Sanford be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the tribute was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

TERRY SANFORD

Dear Margaret Rose, Terry, Betsee, and all members of Terry Sanford's family. Be comforted by the many, many years of exuberantly joyful memories which all of you shared with Terry, as well as by the grandeur of his astonishing gifts to society, all of which will forever bring credit to the Sanford name. One of the greatest privileges of my life, and certainly the greatest shaper of my career, have been my work and friendship with him over 47 years, as well as the warm friendship which you all have given me so generously.

Seeing you there, Terry, Jr., brings to mind one of the hallmarks of his way of doing everything. His original sense of humor was no secret to anyone. One time he was meeting with some out-of-state, indeed Northern corporate CEOs in the Governor's office, trying to get them to invest in North Carolina, and he had a call from you, which went, he told me later, as follows: "Dad, I caught that big turtle that's been giving me trouble in the pond. What should I do with him?" Deliberately without explaining the question to those in his office, Terry responded to you, "Well, son, shoot 'im and throw 'im in the back of the truck. We'll decide what to do with him later." The folks in Terry's office turned pale, afraid to ask for fear of what they might learn, and even more than a bit anxious than before about doing business with this good old boy turned New South politician.

Over the past 20 years I had occasion to introduce Terry Sanford hundreds of times, mainly when we were jointly trying, alas, to raise money for Duke. I loved regaling the audiences with his achievements and watching him first blush and then riposte with that deadpan, twinkle-in-the-eye humor. He would surely blush and fire back ripostes at what all of us are saying about him today.

Terry Sanford was a great-spirited, great-souled man, a man of passion, a man with a conscience that had real bite, a man, above all, who cared about people (really cared!), a man of loyalty. But most of all, Terry Sanford was a creative genius, but a thoroughly practical one, who transformed everything he touched into something finer, better, worthier and more useful to the world. If I had to call him by any single phrase, it would be "the great transformer."

At a time when most Southern governors were engaged in shameless, vicious race-baiting—and Fritz Hollings of South Carolina and Leroy Collins of Georgia were notorious exceptions to that pattern—Terry Sanford staked his political career on achieving equality of opportunity without regard to race, and thereby transformed public discourse in North Carolina.

At a time when, as he entered the governorship, North Carolina ranked next to last—49th—among the states in per capita income, Terry Sanford sparked the transformation of its economy by giving life, energy and momentum to Luther Hodges' and Romeo Guest's dream of a high tech research park as the magnet and engine of North Carolina's technological transformation. He got Jack Kennedy to give the Research Triangle Park the only one of the National In-

stitutes of Health ever located outside of Washington and helped persuade IBM to be the first anchor tenant of the Park. What Sanford got rolling, governors Dan Moore, Bob Scott, Jim Holshouser, Jim Hunt and Jim Martin took to ever greater heights, and now North Carolina is in 32nd place destined to go even higher. Think what moving from 49th to 32nd means for all the people of North Carolina, and what it tells us about the power of enlightened, dedicated political leadership to do good in partnership with non-governmental entities.

At a time when government was thought by most people to be capable of solving, and indeed to have a monopoly on solving, all public policy problems by itself, Terry Sanford energetically created policy-shaping and problem-solving partnerships among government at all levels, not-for-profit organizations, foundations and for-profit corporations, pioneering in what is now the fashion—trisectional public problem-solving. Miracle of miracles, he even began the practice of systematically drawing so-called "pointy-headed" academics from their ivory towers into policymaking and administration in government.

At a time when Duke University was barely known outside the South, Terry Sanford conceived and launched a plan to let the whole world in on the secret that Duke was one of the best universities in the world. The market test of his success is that the number of applications for undergraduate admission over the fifteen years of his presidency doubled—from 3.7 to 8 per place in the class, and went ever further later as a result of the momentum he established, while soaring in quality as well. [He loved to tell the story of President Few's effort to recruit William James' student and fellow Harvard colleague, Professor MacDougald, to the Duke faculty as the first professor of psychology. Professor MacDougald was on sabbatical at Oxford, and Few cabled him the offer, which was financially very attractive, inviting him to join the faculty of Duke in Durham, N.C. He instantly wired back, saying "I accept; where's Durham?" Thanks in part to Terry Sanford, everyone now knows where Durham is.]

The great transformer!

What was his secret? What were the qualities of mind and character that enabled him to achieve these feats?

First of all, he genuinely cared about people, about individuals. He was not someone who loved "the people" in principle, while disdaining them as individuals.

Secondly, he never let things get to him. Over 47 years I knew him to get angry only once. That was when a state trooper on duty at the Governor's Mansion inadvertently let it be known to a reporter that—get this—alcohol was in fact being served at the Mansion, and Terry was furious that his mother might discover that he had an occasional sip!

He stuck to his word. Unlike so many persons who occupy political roles, whether as public office-holders or university presidents, Terry Sanford did not change his mind or his tune depending on what those with whom he was talking wanted to hear, or according to the views of those with whom he had most recently met. If he made a decision and committed himself to you, you could count on the fact that he would stick to it, and not be persuaded out of it by the next person with whom he talked.

How could he do that? Because he had real values, bedrock values. There was a there there!

His fidelity was the inevitable result of the fact that what motivated him in all his actions were the values to which he wholeheartedly committed his life and his entire career. Those values were the lyrical melody

his soul sang from his birth to his death on Saturday last, a song which stirred the hearts and minds of the millions who admired, voted for, and followed him in the audacious goals he set for us all. It was those values that led him to do all that he did, and not some ego need to be loved or admired or be constantly in the spotlight.

And he served those values with the most amazing energy I've ever encountered in anyone. He was literally indefatigable! It was not only boundless but it was never-ending, showing itself even as he fought the last battle of his life against cancer.

One is forced to ask, "Why?" Why did Terry Sanford pour so much of himself into his quest for a better society? Anyone must wonder why a rational human being would sacrifice so much of their own life for others. One time, Terry and Bert Bennett were out on the road campaigning with Margaret Rose, and they were all being subjected to the same old cold peas and chicken, and equally tasty rhetoric from local politicians. Margaret Rose was complaining to Bert that Terry was gone from home all the time. Little Terry and Betsee were moaning about missing their father. Bert slipped a note to Terry, which said "Why do you continue to stay in this business anyway?" Terry fired back a note with the following words: "To keep the SOB's out." That's a bit more jocular than Edmund Burke's "All that is required for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

Of course, it was more, a lot more than that.

It was the ideals which drove him. I know of no public figure who has demonstrated such consistent fidelity to his ideals over a lifetime as Terry Sanford did. Most of us change as we grow older, get a little more radical, even conservative perhaps, as the case may be. But his devotion to his ideals didn't waver one whit in the 47 years I knew him. What were those ideals?

Devotion to democracy, little "d" as well as big "D." He always believed from the depth of this being, and always acted on the belief, that the best cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy. He was a relentless, devoted big D Democrat. That is one, as he taught me, whose credo is "What my dog trees, I'll eat."

Devotion to equality of opportunity for all, irrespective of race, religion and gender. His creed has always been that of the Declaration of Independence—"We hold these truths to be self-evident,"—and by "self-evident" he really meant self-evident—"that all men"—and women, he would add—"are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." [Until Terry Sanford became president of Duke University, there was a quota on the admission of Jewish students. The day he became president, it was removed.]

Devotion to education as the most important means of society's continuing renewal, and of the individual's personal growth and ladder to a better life. Of all the things he was called—and he reveled in the fact that he was called many things good and bad—he was proudest of being called "the education governor"—not just of North Carolina, although that would surely have satisfied him—but the education governor of the entire United States, probably the first governor of any state in the nation in history to be widely so called. And I'll bet, too, that he is just as proud to have inspired Jim Hunt to aspire to, and indeed to earn, the same proud title.

Devotion to the development of leadership—to bringing along young people and nurturing them—as society's single best

means of ensuring the future flow of wise, energetic and dedicated leaders required to solve the problems of succeeding generations.

As all of us are now gathered in the Duke Chapel to celebrate Terry Sanford's life, think how those four great ideals—devotion to democracy, to equality, to education, and to leadership development—that animated his career have come to combine in the mission of the nearby building and Institute that are honored by his name, and how they bear witness to his devotion to them. A more perfect match could hardly be imagined!

In an age when many politicians seem drawn to seek office, like moths to a flame, primarily by a desire for power, fame, and the spotlight, but who use the public interest as a mask and justification for their ambition, Terry Sanford was exactly the opposite. Public service was his end and public office was the means of his service. He was obsessed by fixing what is wrong, making things better, serving the public, and he sought public office as the most effective means for someone with his mix of talents to do so. His ambition was redeemed because it was always yoked to his over-riding, all-consuming, relentless quest for benefitting the public. He was driven by his vision of making things better for all North Carolinians, especially the powerless, the less well off, those who are discriminated against. I said he had a conscience with real bite. He not only preached doing right, but he did right. When the business folks at Duke proposed moving payday for the hourly workers from Friday to Monday, someone wrote and delivered to Terry a note with two verses from Deuteronomy (24:14, 15): "Thou shalt not wrong a day-laborer who is poor and needy whether of thy brethren or of the strangers that are in thy land, in thy gates. On his day shalt thou give him his wage and let not the sun go down on it, for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it; let him not call unto God against thee, and a sin would be upon thee." He instantly reversed the change.

In another extraordinary respect, Terry Sanford was unique among all those of my acquaintance. He had an unquenchable thirst for ideas from everyone, which led him to seek out persons of all stations and conditions of life with whom to consult about everything that he cared about. His life was a never-ending pursuit of the best ideas from as wide a circle as possible about how to solve the problems of concern to him, or to them. Unlike so many public figures and university presidents, he was resolutely determined to resist becoming the captive of his long-time friends, his campaign workers, his kitchen cabinet. It goes without saying that he was always loyal to them, and that they had access to him. But that inner circle was perpetually refreshed over the years by hundreds of others whom he sought out and drew in on a continuing basis. He had the most remarkable thirst for new ideas of any man of action I've ever known. That characteristic had to be one of the keys to the many significant innovations for which he is so justly credited all across North Carolina and at Duke University. Honesty requires me to say that not all of the ideas he picked up and decided to run with seemed to me in prospect likely to succeed, but I am struck in retrospect by how many of them did.

Another key is the way he recruited, empowered and defended associates. Once he hired or otherwise engaged someone, he turned them loose to carry out their visions, and he backed them to the hilt! If you worked for Terry Sanford, you never had to worry about whether the would come to your aid when you needed it, or protect you from those who opposed what you were trying to do. He simply empowered you with the authority of his office, and he was loyal to you.

At least most of the time.

My first assignment the day after the victorious second primary, was to drive Margaret Rose home to Fayetteville. Tom Lambeth handed me a set of car keys, and said take the blue Oldsmobile in the parking lot of the Carolina Hotel, which was campaign headquarters. So Margaret Rose and I went out to the car, got in and started to drive away, when she said, "Why don't we drive around the Mansion just to take a look at where we'll be living next January." Of course there was still the general election to win, but Republicans weren't as powerful then as now. So we drove north on MacDowell Street and went all the way around the mansion and then headed south on Wilmington Street. We hadn't gotten two blocks past the Mansion when I heard police sirens behind us. To say that I was petrified is the understatement of the decade. I could see the screaming headlines in the N&O the next morning: "Gubernatorial Nominee's Wife and Sanford Aide arrested for speeding." I was baffled because I knew we had not been speeding. It was worse. The policeman told me that the car Mrs. Sanford and I were in had just been reported as stolen. So I sheepishly got out of the car, and asked the police to let me make my one phone call. I wasn't about to tell them to whom. I called Tom, who told Terry, whose immediate response was "Get Margaret Rose out of there as fast as possible, and forget about Joel!" It turned out that there were two blue Oldsmobiles in the lot, one of which belonged to the hotel manager, and miraculously the Sanford car keys fit his, too. We all had a great laugh when it was over.

Our bodies exist, I believe, only so that they can serve as instruments of the spirit that will animate us all if we but allow it to do so. Our bodies are but the means whereby we acquire the materiality to accomplish our visions in the world of the material. The spirit that animated Terry Sanford's body is the same spirit that found expression in the lives and bodies of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Brantley Aycock, Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, and although their bodies are long buried, their spirits live on in us. And it was the same spirit, too, that radiated through the body of Frank Porter Graham, in whose U.S. Senate campaign in 1950 Terry Sanford played his first active political role. The only time Tom Lambeth tells me that he ever saw Terry Sanford come close to breaking into tears was when he spoke about what Frank Graham's life had meant to him. Frank Graham's vision was Terry Sanford's vision, too: "In this land of liberty, for which our fathers died, and for which we would live, work, and give our all, may America become a country in which the highest and the lowest and all the people equally together have the freedom to struggle for the higher freedom of truth, goodness and beauty; where democracy is without vulgarity, excellence is without arrogance, the answer to error is not terror and the response to a difference in color, race, religion, ideas, and economic condition is not discrimination, exploitation, or intimidation."

It is not the body that we are here to bury that is Terry Sanford; what we bury is but the envelope. The real Terry Sanford can never be buried; that is the spirit, vision, energy and compassion that animated that body for eighty years. THAT is the Terry Sanford whom we honor and love, and that can never be interred in the earth from which the body came. As long as his spirit, vision, energy, and compassion animate us, all of us whose lives he stirred to "burgeon out all that is within us," in Governor Aycock's words, the values for which we love and honor Terry Sanford will go on leading

us to serve the goals to which he helped inspire us to dedicate our lives.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES FOR KING COVE, ALASKA

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, I lend my strong support to Senator MURKOWSKI and Congressman YOUNG in their efforts to provide better access to emergency medical services for the people of King Cove, Alaska. Senator MURKOWSKI's bill, S. 1092, and its companion bill in the House will put an end to the recent string of deaths resulting from emergency medical evacuation efforts out of King Cove.

King Cove is one of the most prolific fishing communities in the nation and has the largest fish processing operation in Alaska. It sits at the tip of the Alaska Peninsula, 600 miles southwest of Anchorage in the North Pacific Ocean.

King Cove is served by a small dirt runway. The runway has no lights and no instrument capability, and has no personnel manning it. It sits in a valley between two large mountains. The weather and the surrounding terrain create winds that are described as "venturi effects"—under these conditions the wind can blow in opposite directions at opposite ends of the runway. The winds aloft over the runway create wind shears that have flipped planes and thrown them into mountains. King Cove's airstrip is closed roughly one out of every three days, often for many days at a time.

Cold Bay also lies on the tip of the Alaska Peninsula. It is a community built entirely around the third largest nonmilitary runway in the state. Cold Bay is a ten minute plane ride from King Cove, just on the other side of a wildlife refuge. The main runway at Cold Bay is over ten thousand feet long. The crosswind runway is over five thousand feet long. Both are paved. Cold Bay's airport has runway lights and supports full instrument approaches. It is a designated landing site for the space shuttle, and is closed an average of two days a year.

The people of King Cove need emergency access to Cold Bay when the weather turns bad. Ferry service is not a viable option. The same wind that shuts down King Cove's runway can drive forty foot seas on Cold Bay. Recently, state officials looking into King Cove ferry service saw a one hundred twenty foot fishing boat fail to make it into the harbor because the seas were too rough.

The people of King Cove want to build a single lane gravel road to Cold Bay, but they need an easement through seven miles of federal land to do it. Many people who have never been to Alaska don't want to see this road built. They cite the cost of the road, the precedent of granting a right of way, and the availability of other options. What they don't cite is the eleven people who have died in recent years trying to fly out of King Cove.